SAVE THE SEALS!
LAST GASP
SLOW DEATH
NO.8
SPECIAL: GREENPEACE ISSUE!
$1.00
OVER MY DEAD BODY!
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SLOW DEATH 8

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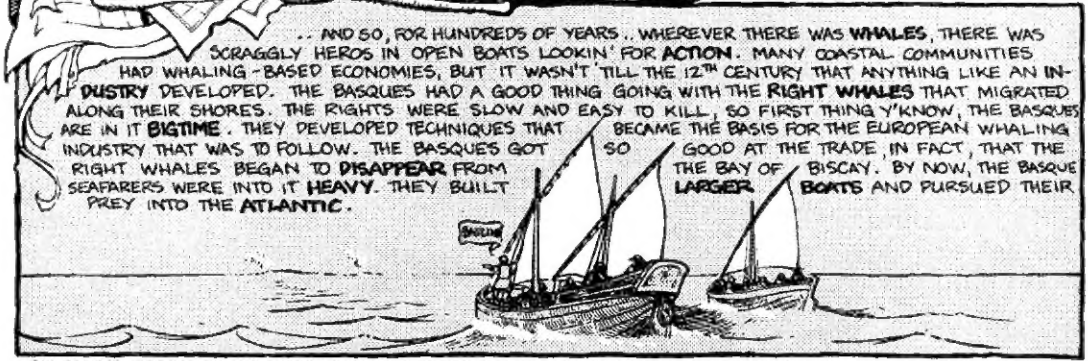
Another Art Carbunkle scan.

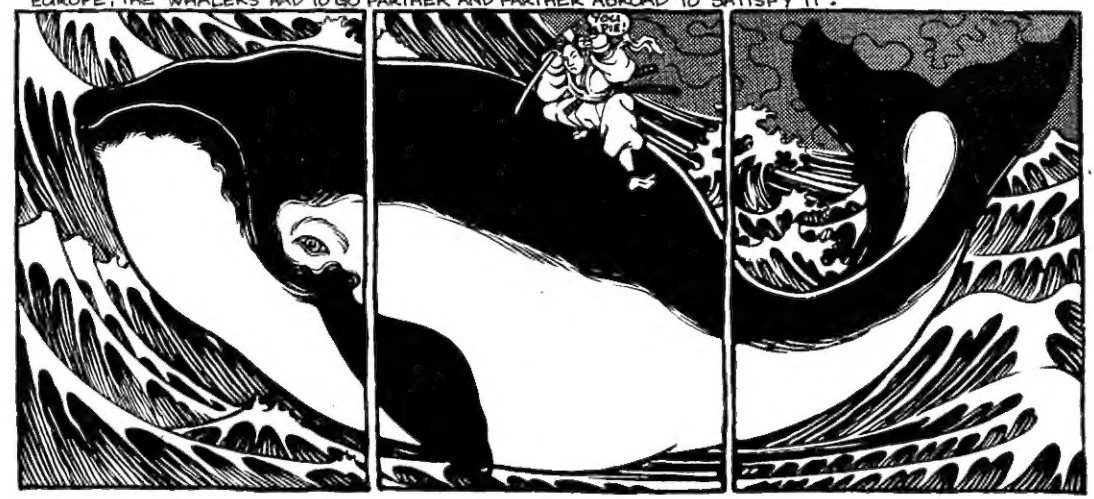
AYE, THAR SHE BLOWS! THE LIFE BREATH OF THE GREAT LEVIATHAN, GRANDEST CREATURE ON EARTH! MAN HAS CONTEMPLATED THE MYSTERIOUS WHALE SINCE HE FIRST VENTURED UPON THE DEEP, AND HUNTED HIM ALMOST AS LONG. IT IS OF MEN AND OF WHALES THAT I WOULD NOW SPEAK, SO OF..
PEQUOD
THE HONOUR & GLORY OF WHALING

CALL ME **FISHMAEL**! I BEEN AROUND SINCE THE DAYS OF **WOODEN SHIPS** AND **IRON MEN**! SEEMS LIKE NOWADAYS IT'S THE **OTHER WAY AROUND**, IF YE KETCH MY **DRIFT**! TALES OF MEN AND WHALES GO **WAY BACK**, A LOT FUTHER'N **ME**! THE EARLIEST **LITERATURE** ON THE SUBJECT IS THIS HERE **OLD BOOK**, WHAT TELLS OF THE **NORSE HEROS** AWHALING WHEN ROME WAS **NEW**! STORIES OF HEROIC ENCOUNTERS WITH HORRIBLE MONSTERS OF THE DEEP WERE **ANCIENT** BEFORE THESE **YOUNG BUCKS** EVER MADE THE **SCENE**... THE NATIVE PEOPLES OF THE EAST AND WEST COASTS OF NORTH AMERICA HAD PROBABLY BEEN WHALING FOR **THOUSANDS OF YEARS** BY THE TIME THE EUROPEANS SHOWED UP WITH **CULTURE**.. WHALING MUST'VE BEEN AS IMPORTANT AS A **POWER QUEST** AS IT WAS ECONOMICALLY... I MEAN, WHO'S GONNA FOOL AROUND WITH A GUY WHO JUST KILLED A **SEA MONSTER** WITH A **STONE AXE**?

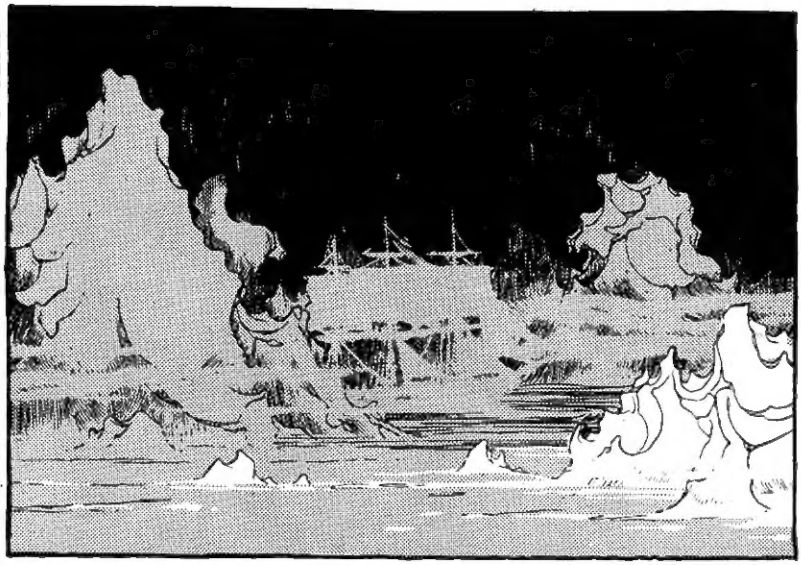
.. AND SO, FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS .. WHEREVER THERE WAS **WHALES**, THERE WAS SCRAGGLY HEROS IN OPEN BOATS LOOKIN' FOR **ACTION**. MANY COASTAL COMMUNITIES HAD WHALING-BASED ECONOMIES, BUT IT WASN'T 'TILL THE 12TH CENTURY THAT ANYTHING LIKE AN **INDUSTRY** DEVELOPED. THE BASQUES HAD A GOOD THING GOING WITH THE **RIGHT WHALES** THAT MIGRATED ALONG THEIR SHORES. THE RIGHTS WERE SLOW AND EASY TO KILL, SO FIRST THING Y'KNOW, THE BASQUES ARE IN IT **BIGTIME**. THEY DEVELOPED TECHNIQUES THAT BECAME THE BASIS FOR THE EUROPEAN WHALING INDUSTRY THAT WAS TO FOLLOW. THE BASQUES GOT SO GOOD AT THE TRADE, IN FACT, THAT THE RIGHT WHALES BEGAN TO **DISAPPEAR** FROM THE BAY OF BISCAY. BY NOW, THE BASQUE SEAFARERS WERE INTO IT **HEAVY**. THEY BUILT **LARGER BOATS** AND PURSUED THEIR PREY INTO THE **ATLANTIC**.

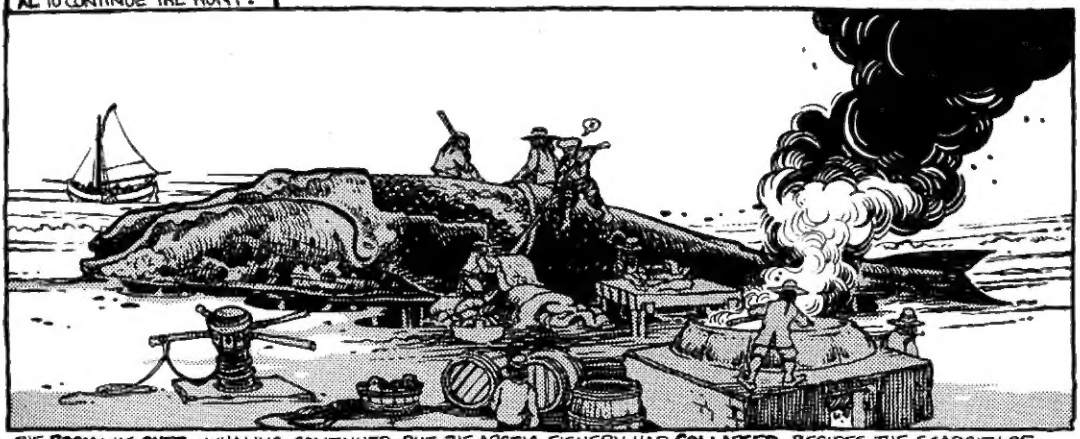


THE COASTS OF FRANCE AND SPAIN WERE NOT THE ONLY ONES VISITED BY MIGRATING WHALES: THE **JAPANESE** WERE ON TO THE WHALES AND SNARED THEM WITH NETS, THEN KILLED THEM WITH LANCES AND BLADES. AS IN EUROPE, A MARKET BEGAN TO APPEAR FOR THE PRODUCTS OF THE WHALING INDUSTRY, AND AS IN EUROPE, THE WHALERS HAD TO GO FARTHER AND FARTHER ABROAD TO SATISFY IT.

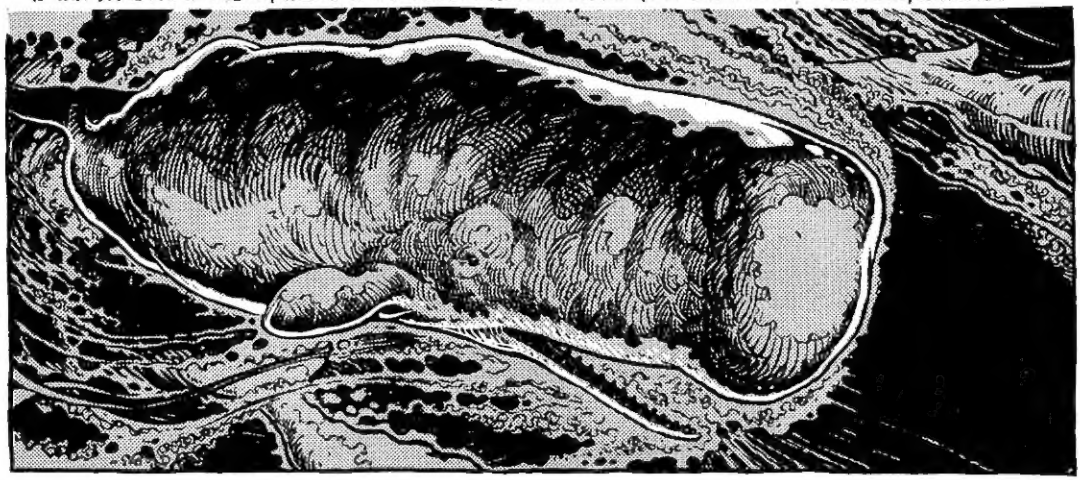


IN EUROPE, WHALING BECAME AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY FOR EVERY MARITIME NATION. THE DUTCH WERE FOREMOST. BY TH' 18TH CENTURY OVER 400 DUTCH VESSELS WAS PURSUING THE RIGHT, GREENLAND, AND BOWHEAD WHALE INTO THE NORTH ATLANTIC. THE ENGLISH WAS NO SLACKERS, EITHER, WITH A FLEET THAT GREW FROM 20 TO 250 BETWEEN 1750 and 1788. THE NORTH ATLANTIC GROUNDS WERE **PICKED CLEAN** PRETTY **FAST**. THE WHALERS MOVED **NORTH** INTO THE **ARCTIC**. AS THE **WHALES DISAPPEARED** IN THE MORE SOUTHERLY REGIONS, THESE **HARDY LADS** FOLLOWED THE **SURVIVORS** INTO THE REMOTEST **ARCTIC WASTES**. RIGHT, GREENLAND, & BOWHEAD WHALES WERE KILLED BY THE **10'S OF THOUSANDS**. THEIR NUMBERS WERE SO DEPLETED THAT BY THE BEGINNING OF THE 19TH CENTURY IT WAS **UNECONOMICAL** TO CONTINUE THE HUNT.



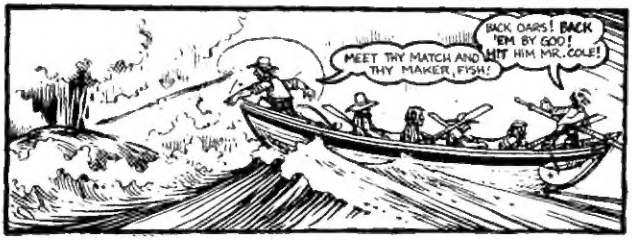


THE **BOOM** WAS **OVER**. WHALING CONTINUED, BUT THE ARCTIC FISHERY HAD **COLLAPSED**. BESIDES THE SCARCITY OF WHALES, THE **SEVERE CONDITIONS** OF ARCTIC WHALING LIMITED VOYAGES TO THE SUMMER MONTHS. EVEN THEN, THE VOYAGES WERE SHORT.. THE WHALES HAD TO BE **TOWED** TO **SHORE STATIONS** TO BE PROCESSED INTO **OIL**. IT WAS A SLOW BUSINESS. THESE OFFSHORE WHALERS COULD HAVE SAILED INTO THE **SOUTHERN** LATITUDES WHERE THEY KNEW THERE WERE MORE WHALES TO BE KILLED.. **BIGGER** WHALES WITH **OIL** TO BE TAKEN. THE PROBLEM WAS THE DIFFICULTY & EXPENSE OF SETTING UP SHORE STATIONS ON UNKNOWN OR HOSTILE COASTS.. AND THESE WHALERS WERE **BOUND** TO THE LAND. AFTER 1800, THERE WAS A **REVOLUTION** IN WHALING. ENTER YANKEE **INGENUITY**, PATRIOTS.

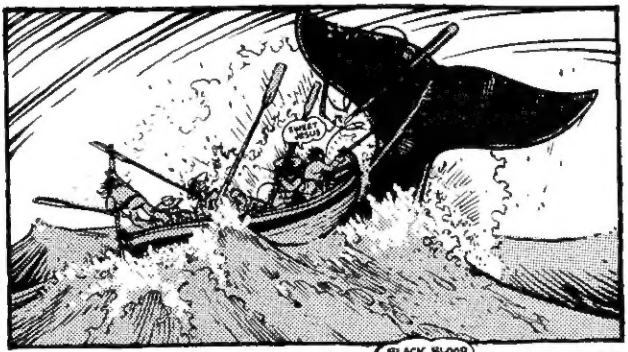


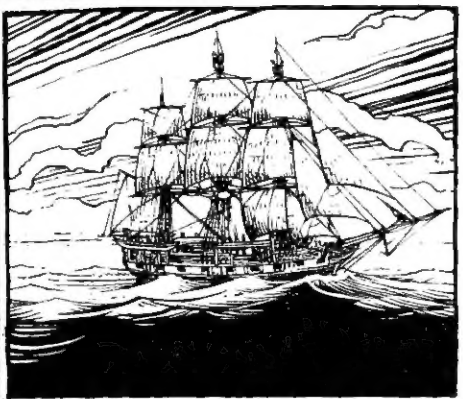
THE AMERICANS HAD BEEN WHALING SINCE COLONIAL TIMES, BUT IT WASN'T 'TILL AFTER THE REVOLUTION THAT THINGS GOT GOIN'. LIKE THE EUROPEANS, THE AMERICANS HAD OPERATED FROM SHORE BASED WHALING STATIONS. THEY TOO SOON FELT THE CRUNCH OF DIMINISHING STOCKS OF WHALES AS DEMANDS FOR BONE & OIL INCREASED. THE YANKEES ROSE TO THE OCCASION. THEY DEVELOPED THE AMERICAN WHALESHIP, ONE OF THE MOST EFFICIENT KILLING MACHINES EVER DEVELOPED. BARELY 100 FEET LONG, THESE SHIPS WERE CAPABLE OF VOYAGES 'ROUND THE WORLD. THEIR EXTENDED RANGE OPENED NEW WHALING GROUNDS WHICH WERE OVEREXPLOITED AS FAST AS THEY WERE DISCOVERED. BETWEEN 1804 AND 1811 THE US FLEET RECORDED THE SLAUGHTER OF 190,000 SOUTHERN RIGHT WHALES IN THE NEWLY OPENED ANTARCTIC GROUNDS ALONE, & THAT DON'T INCLUDE THE ONES THEY DIDN'T WRITE DOWN.. THE REAL PREY OF THE AMERICAN HUNTERS WAS THE SPERM WHALE. LARGER & MORE VALUABLE THAN THE RIGHT & BOWHEAD WHALES, IT WAS ALSO MORE DANGEROUS. THE SPERM WHALE RANGED WORLDWIDE, AND THE WHALERS FOLLOWED. BY 1825 THE AMERICANS WERE HUNTING IN THE FAR PACIFIC, FOLLOWING THE FAMILIAR PATTERN OF OVEREXPLOITING & THEN ABANDONING NEW GROUNDS. WHALES WERE ABUNDANT & NEW GROUNDS WERE BEING DISCOVERED EVERY YEAR. THE HUNTS WERE HIGHLY PROFITABLE, BUT IT WAS A RISKY BUSINESS. IT WAS THE CREAM OF NEW ENGLANDS MANHOOD THAT SHIPPED IN THE WHALERS OF THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE 19TH CENTURY, & BRAVE & HARDY SOULS THEY MUST HAVE BEEN..

THE SHIPS CRUISED THE GROUNDS UNTIL WHALES WERE SPOTTED BY THEIR FEATHERY 'SPOUTS'. BOATS WERE IMMEDIATELY LOWERED AND ROWED OR SAILED IN PURSUIT. THESE BOATS WERE FAST, LIGHT, AND STRONG, AND WELL ENGINEERED FOR THEIR MURDEROUS PURPOSE. THE ACTUAL CAPTURE AND KILLING OF A WHALE WAS THE SAME AS IT HAD BEEN FOR A THOUSAND YEARS ... A HAND THROWN SPEAR FROM AN OPEN BOAT. ONCE WITHIN RANGE, THE WHALE WAS STRUCK OR HARPOONED, AND HE USUALLY DIDN'T LIKE IT.

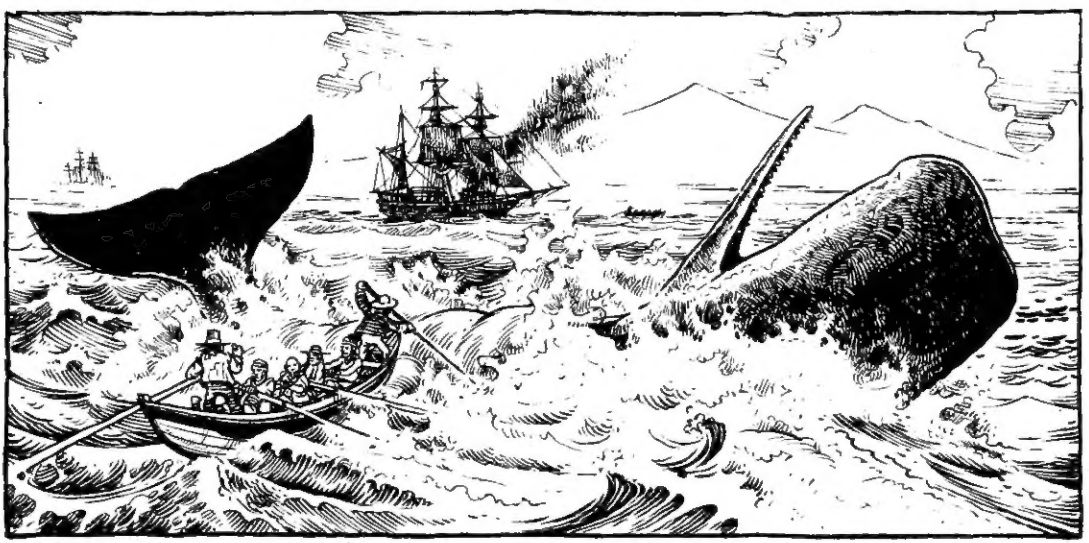


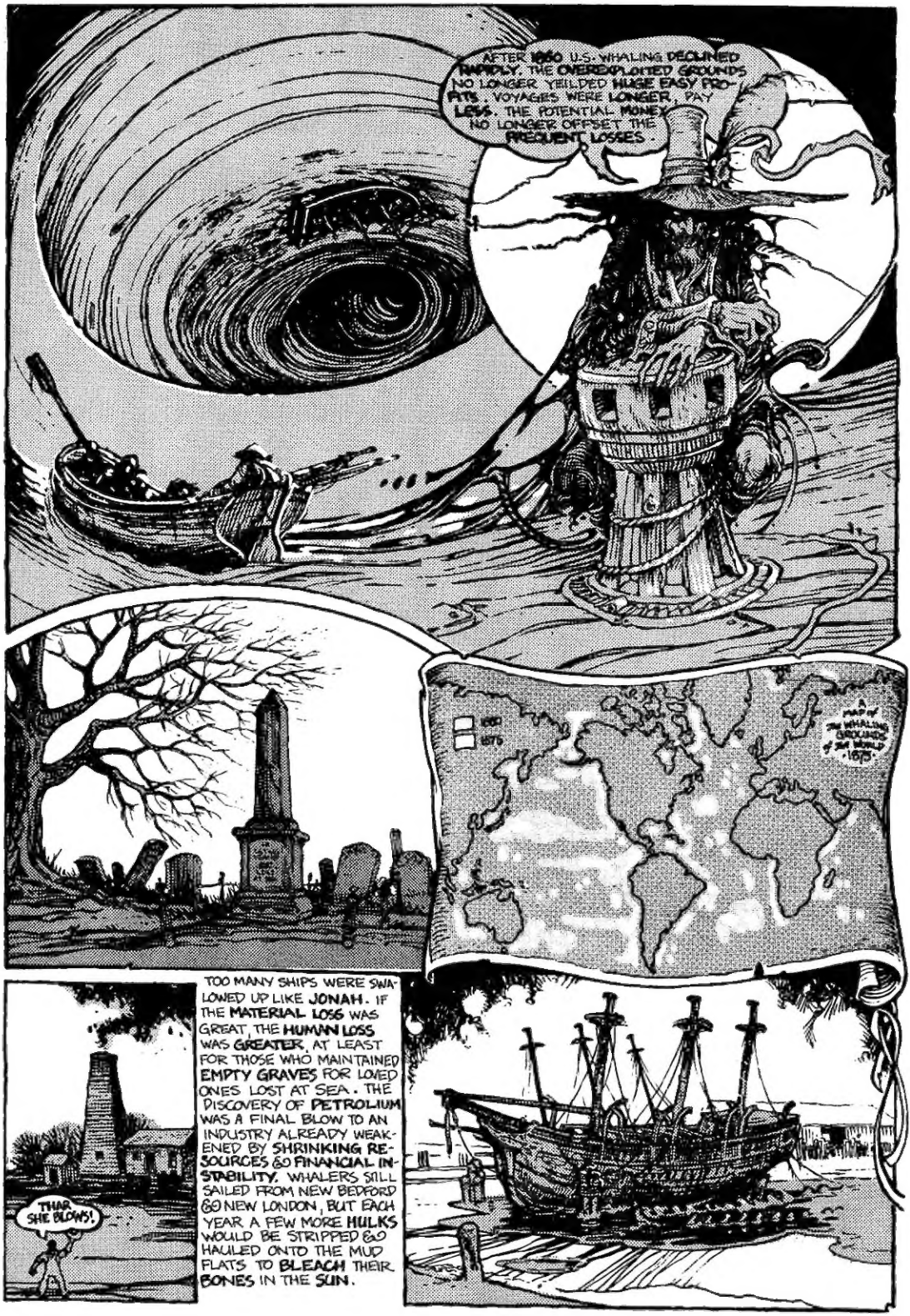
THE HARPOONED WHALE WOULD "SOUND" TO ESCAPE, DRAGGING THE BOAT ALONG THE WAVES. EACH TIME IT WOULD SURFACE TO BREATHE, THE BOATS WOULD CLOSE IN, FORCING IT TO DIVE BEFORE IT COULD CATCH IT'S BREATH. EVENTUALLY, EXHAUSTED, IT WOULD WALLOW IN THE SWELLS LONG ENOUGH FOR THE HARPOONER TO MAKE A STAB WITH THE LONG KILLING LANCE. IF A VITAL SPOT WAS HIT, IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THAT WHALE WAS OIL. THE KILL WAS TICKLISH BUSINESS,.. AN ENRAGED BULL SPERM WHALE WAS JUST AS LIKELY TO CRUSH A BOAT WITH IT'S FLUKES AS IT WAS TO TURN TAIL & RUN. WHEN THE WHALE FINALLY SPOUTED CLOTTED BLOOD & TURNED "FIN OUT" IT WAS TOWED BACK TO THE SHIP TO BE "CUT IN". THIS WAS THE KEY TO THE SUCCESS OF THE AMERICAN SHIPS. ALL STAGES OF THE WHALING OPERATION WERE ACCOMPLISHED IN THE CONFINES OF A SMALL, SEAWORTHY VESSEL. THE BLUBBER WAS STRIPPED FROM THE CARCASS & BOILED OUT IN "TRY-WORKS", SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED OVENS ON THE DECK OF THE SHIP. NOTHING WAS WASTED IN THIS BLOODY TRADE. WHALEBONE, TEETH, & OIL WERE CAREFULLY STOWED BELOW. THE WHALES OWN FLESH WAS USE TO FUEL THE VERY FIRES THAT RENDERED HIM OIL. IT WAS FILTHY, DANGEROUS, BACKBREAKING WORK, & IT YEILDED HUGE PROFITS FOR THE OWNERS.



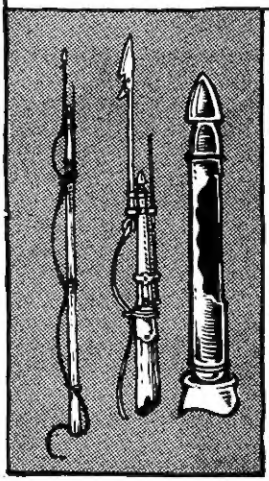


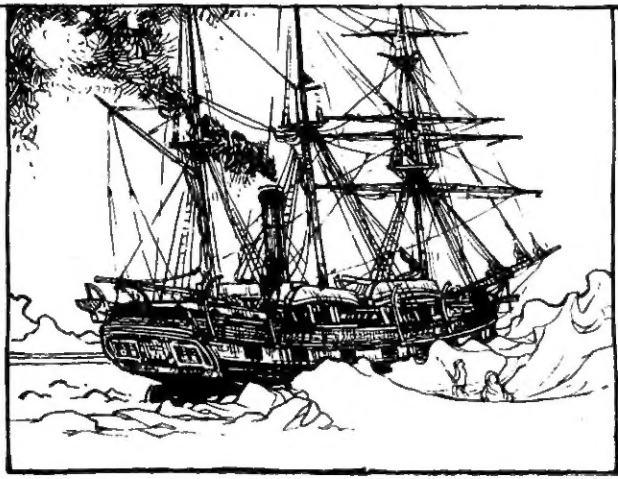
FOR SEVERAL DECADES THE WHALESHIP REPRESENTED AN APEX OF ECONOMICS & TECHNOLOGY. COMBINED WITH THE SKILL & COURAGE OF THE MEN, IT WAS THE GOLDEN AGE OF WHALING. PRETTY ROMANTIC, HEY? THAT'S WHAT THE GREEN HANDS, RECRUITED FROM NEW ENGLAND'S FARMS & VILLAGES, THOUGHT FOR THE FIRST DAY OR SO. FOUR YEARS LATER, IF THEY RETURNED AT ALL, THEY SAW HOME AGAIN. THEY WEREN'T LIKELY TO BE VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT ANOTHER VOYAGE.

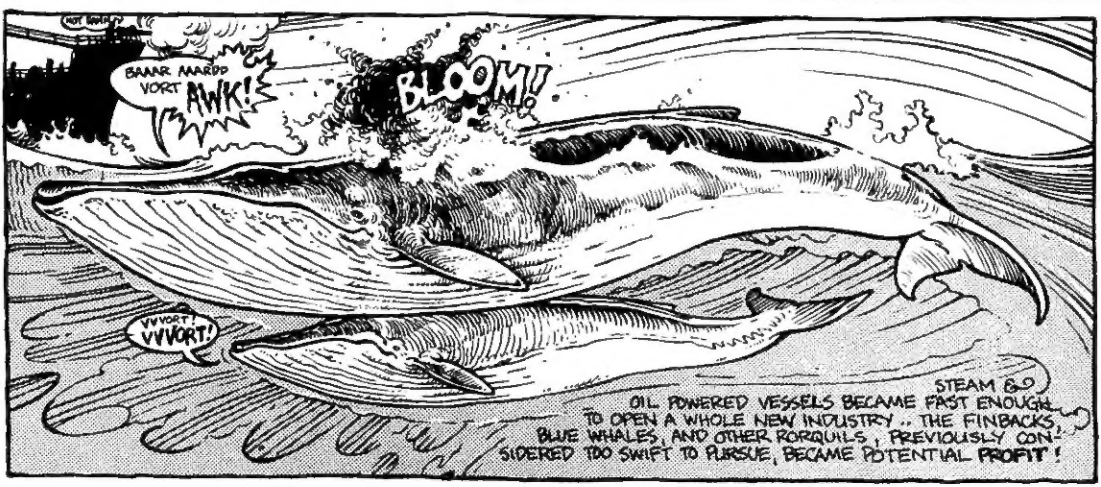


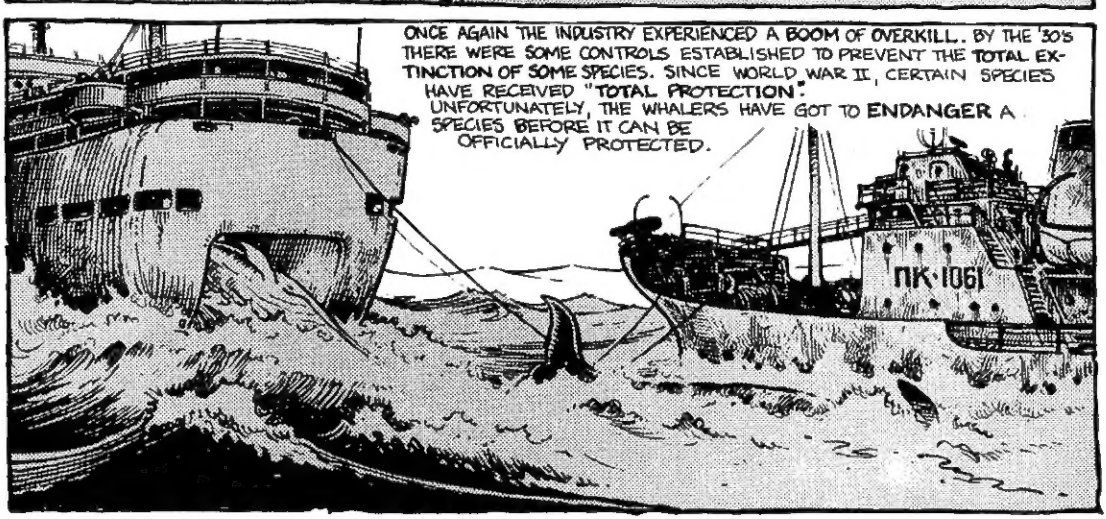

AFTER 1860 U.S. WHALING DECLINED RAPIDLY. THE OVEREXPLOITED GROUNDS NO LONGER YEILDED HUGE EASY PROFITS. VOYAGES WERE LONGER, PAY LESS. THE POTENTIAL MONEY NO LONGER OFFSET THE FREQUENT LOSSES.
1860
1876
A MAP OF THE WHALING GROUNDS OF THE WORLD 1875
THAR SHE BLOWS!
TOO MANY SHIPS WERE SWALLOWED UP LIKE JONAH. IF THE MATERIAL LOSS WAS GREAT, THE HUMAN LOSS WAS GREATER, AT LEAST FOR THOSE WHO MAINTAINED EMPTY GRAVES FOR LOVED ONES LOST AT SEA. THE DISCOVERY OF PETROLIUM WAS A FINAL BLOW TO AN INDUSTRY ALREADY WEAKENED BY SHRINKING RESOURCES & FINANCIAL INSTABILITY. WHALERS STILL SAILED FROM NEW BEDFORD & NEW LONDON, BUT EACH YEAR A FEW MORE HULKS WOULD BE STRIPPED & HAULED ONTO THE MUD FLATS TO BLEACH THEIR BONES IN THE SUN.

BY THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, MOST WHALING ACTIVITY CENTERED AROUND THE AMERICAN PACIFIC PORTS. A FEW OLD TIME WHALERS MADE THE ARCTIC RUN, BUT THEY WERE FAST BEING REPLACED BY A NEW INNOVATION .. THE STEAM WHALER. THESE SHIPS MAD MANY OF THE QUALITIES OF THE YANKEE DESIGN, BUT COULD NAVIGATE IN HEAVY ICE. THE HUNTERS WERE ADDITIONALY EQUIPT WITH ANOTHER TECHNILOGICAL MARVEL .. THE BOMB LANCE, A HARPOON WITH A DEVICE THAT EXPLODED INSIDE THE WHALE. SUPPLEMENTED BY THE SEAL HUNT, THE STEAM FLEET MANAGED TO SCROUNGE A LIVING FROM SEASON TO SEASON. THESE SHIPS WERE MOSTLY BRITISH OR SCANDINAVIAN. THE AMERICANS PRETTY MUCH DROPPED OUT OF THE SCENE, AND SLOWLY OTHERS DID TOO. HOWEVER, NEW EQUIPMENT WERE BEING DEVELOPED. THE SURVIVING WHALERS GREW MORE EFFICIENT.

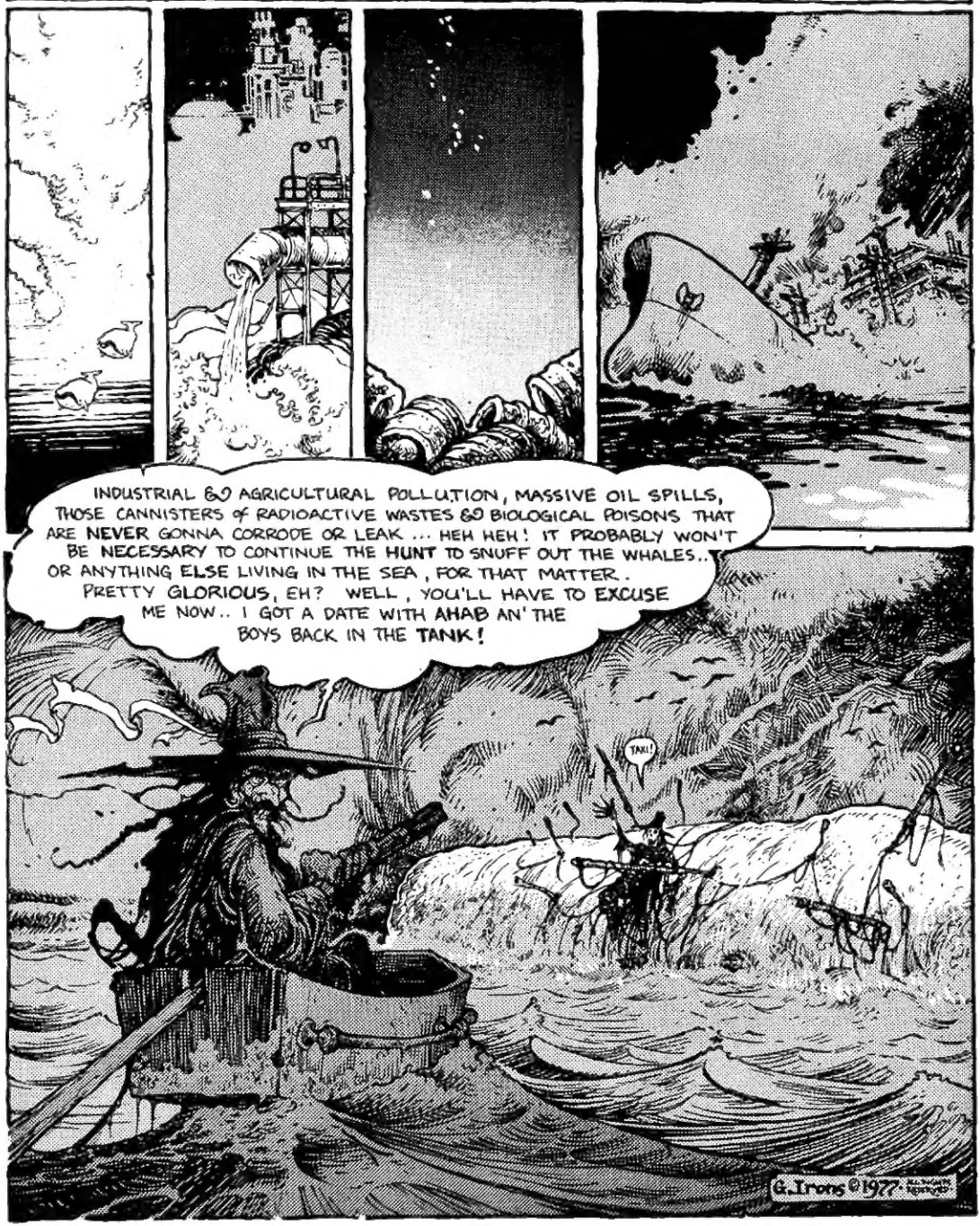






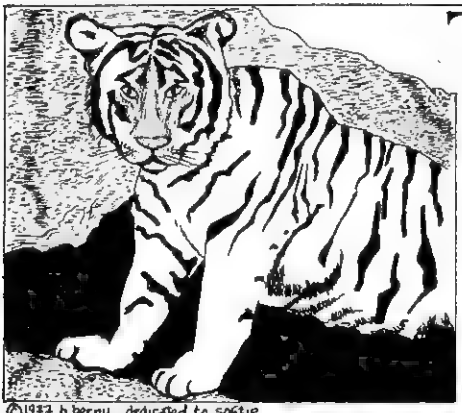


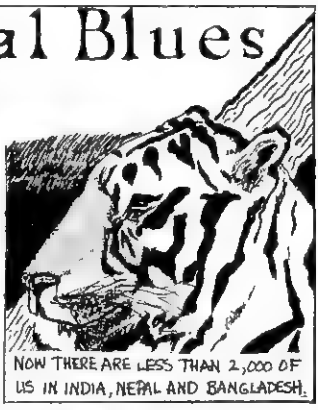
EQUIPPED WITH RADAR, SONIC DEVICES, HELICOPTERS, AND CENTRAL HEATING, MODERN WHALERS CAN HARDLY MISS. WITH THEIR PRESENT LEVEL OF TECHNOLOGY THEY COULD PROBABLY **ELIMINATE ALL THE WHALES** IN A MATTER OF YEARS. SUCH IS THE PRICE OF **GLORY** AND **DOGFOOD**. BUT THE HUNT IS ONLY SYMPTOMATIC OF A LARGE SCALE ASSAULT ON THE FOOD/LIFE CHAINS OF THE SEA & THE BIOSPHERE AS A WHOLE.



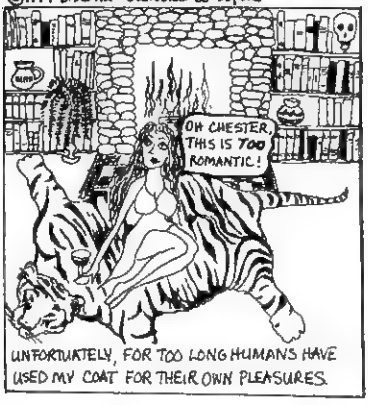
BOOKS HELPFUL IN PREPARING THIS "WORK" INCLUDE WHALE SHIPS & WHALING by A.C. CHURCH (GREAT RARE PHOTOS); THE STORY OF YANKEE WHALING from AMERICAN HERITAGE; MIND IN THE WATERS edited by J. McINTYRE (SOME INSIGHT INTO WHALES' MINDS & HABITS); VARIOUS ISSUES of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC & AMERICAN HERITAGE MAGS; THE WHALE, MIGHTY MONARCH of THE SEA, by J. COUSTEAU (for SHOCKING FIGURES ON WHALE POPULATIONS, & LOTS of ECO-INFO); AND MOBY DICK by H. MELVILLE. APOLOGIES TO HOWARD PYLE, HARRY CLARKE, & UTAGAWA KUNIOSHI WHOSE WORK WAS DIRECTLY or INDIRECTLY COPPED TO PROVIDE PANELS FOR THIS "COMIC STRIP".

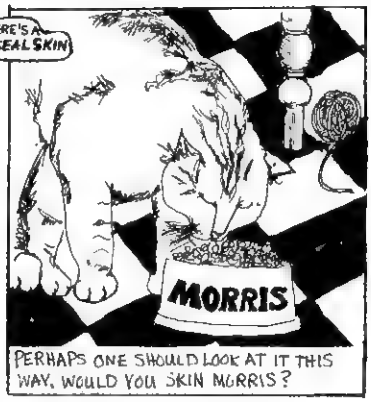
The Bengal Blues

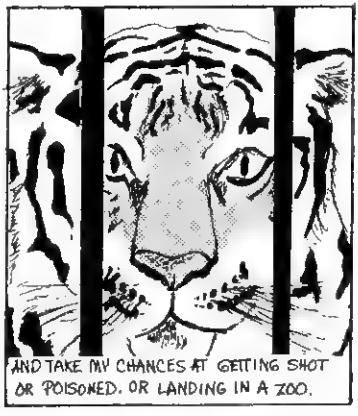


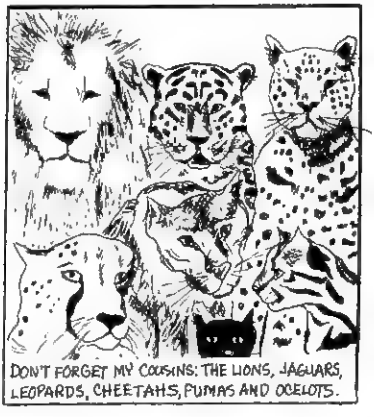


©1977 b.bernu dedicated to softie

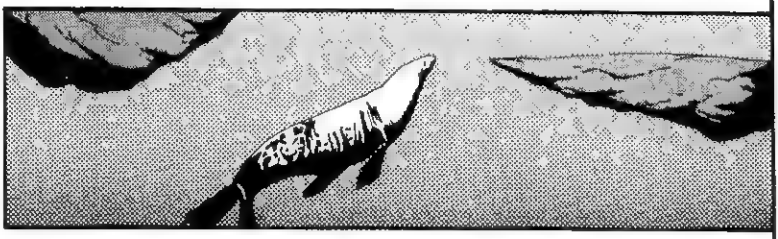


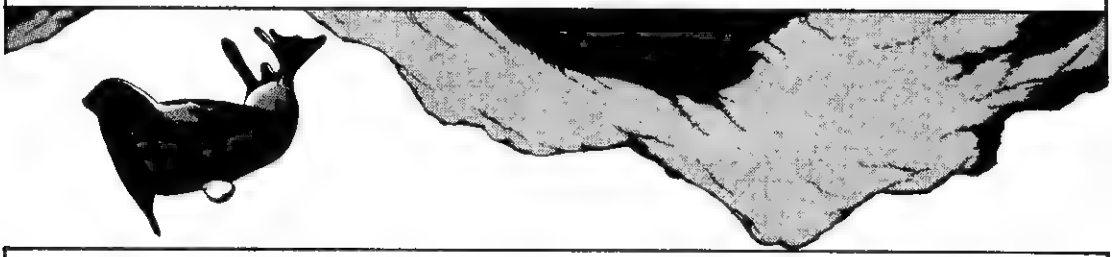






the harp seal hunt is the only mass slaying of unweaned, one week old infants still perpetuated in the world today.





RITES OF SPRING

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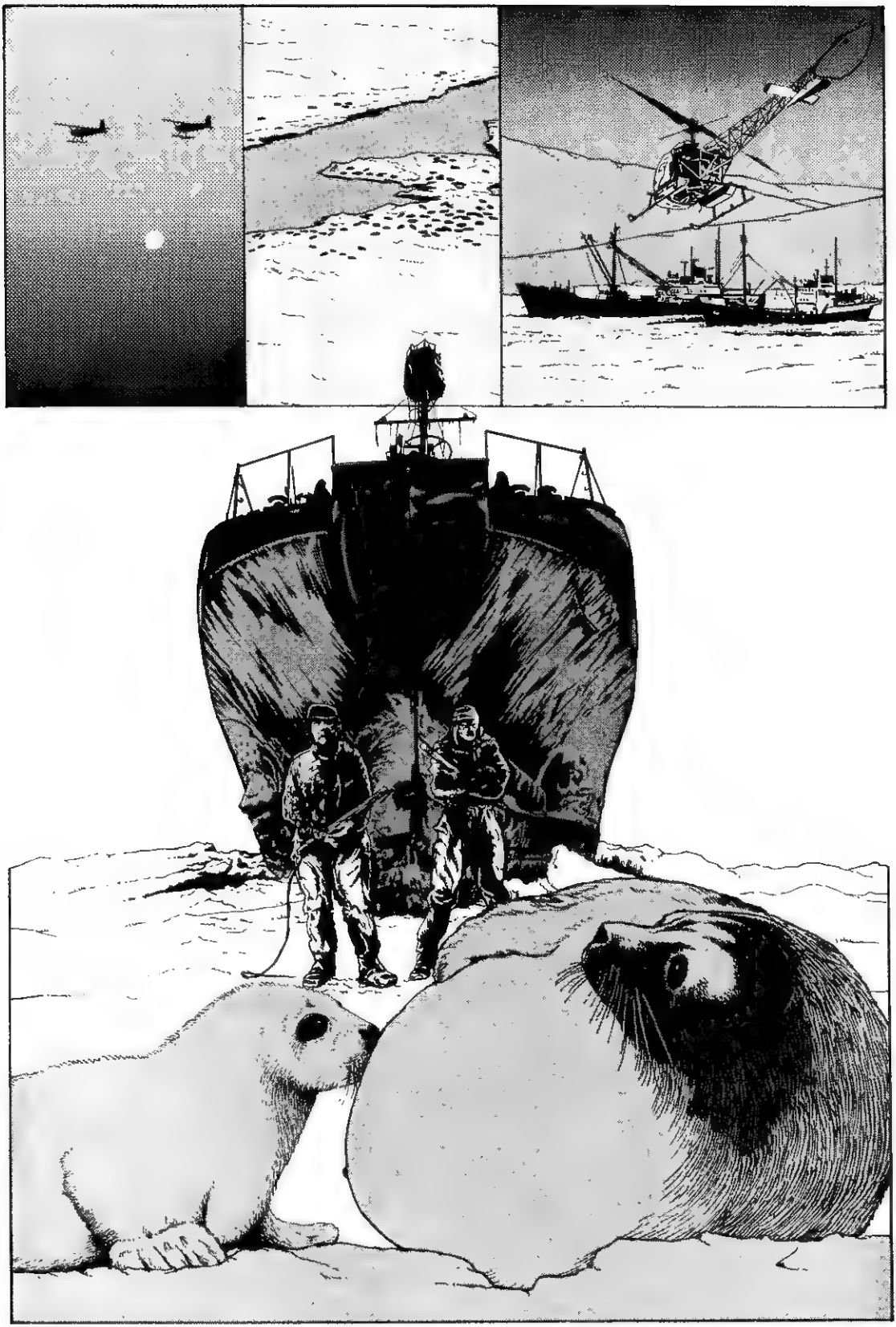

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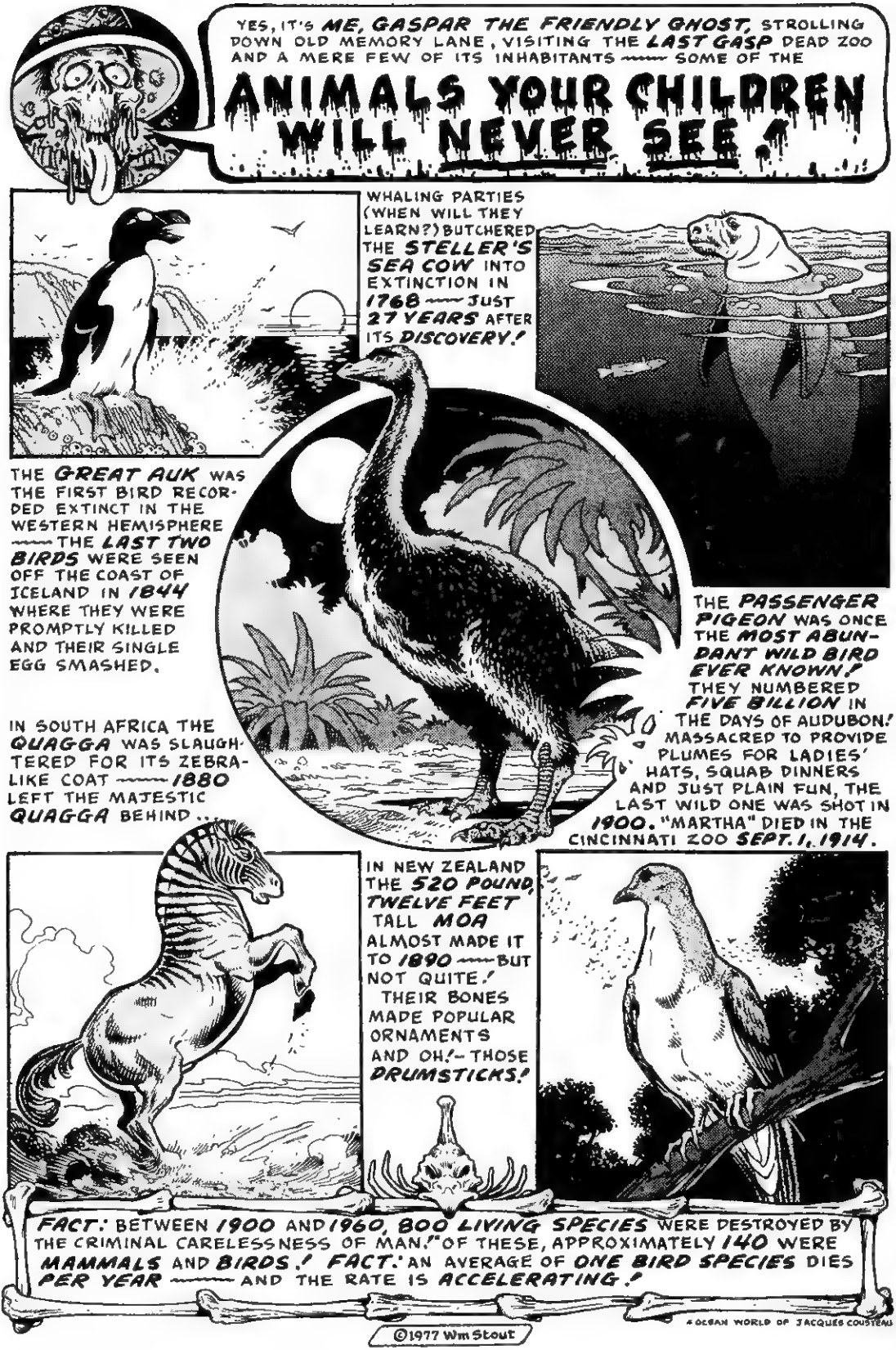

YES, IT'S ME, GASPAR THE FRIENDLY GHOST, STROLLING DOWN OLD MEMORY LANE, VISITING THE LAST GASP DEAD ZOO AND A MERE FEW OF ITS INHABITANTS ~~~ SOME OF THE
ANIMALS YOUR CHILDREN WILL NEVER SEE!
WHALING PARTIES (WHEN WILL THEY LEARN?) BUTCHERED THE STELLER'S SEA COW INTO EXTINCTION IN 1768 ~~~ JUST 27 YEARS AFTER ITS DISCOVERY!
THE GREAT AUK WAS THE FIRST BIRD RECORDED EXTINCT IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE ~~~ THE LAST TWO BIRDS WERE SEEN OFF THE COAST OF ICELAND IN 1844 WHERE THEY WERE PROMPTLY KILLED AND THEIR SINGLE EGG SMASHED.
THE PASSENGER PIGEON WAS ONCE THE MOST ABUNDANT WILD BIRD EVER KNOWN! THEY NUMBERED FIVE BILLION IN THE DAYS OF AUDUBON! MASSACRED TO PROVIDE PLUMES FOR LADIES' HATS, SQUAB DINNERS AND JUST PLAIN FUN, THE LAST WILD ONE WAS SHOT IN 1900. "MARTHA" DIED IN THE CINCINNATI ZOO SEPT. 1, 1914.
IN SOUTH AFRICA THE QUAGGA WAS SLAUGHTERED FOR ITS ZEBRA-LIKE COAT ~~~ 1880 LEFT THE MAJESTIC QUAGGA BEHIND...
IN NEW ZEALAND THE 520 POUND, TWELVE FEET TALL MOA ALMOST MADE IT TO 1890 ~~~ BUT NOT QUITE! THEIR BONES MADE POPULAR ORNAMENTS AND OH!- THOSE DRUMSTICKS!
FACT: BETWEEN 1900 AND 1960, 800 LIVING SPECIES WERE DESTROYED BY THE CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS OF MAN! OF THESE, APPROXIMATELY 140 WERE MAMMALS AND BIRDS! FACT: AN AVERAGE OF ONE BIRD SPECIES DIES PER YEAR ~~~ AND THE RATE IS ACCELERATING!
©1977 Wm Stout
A OCEAN WORLD OF JACQUES COUSTEAU

THESE POOR CREATURES HAVE FALLEN PREY TO MAN'S METAL IN MORE RECENT TIMES...

THE *EUROPEAN LION*, A NATIVE OF AFRICA NORTH OF THE SAHARA —— GONE FOREVER SINCE *1922*.

THE *JAMAICAN IGUANA* NEVER CREPT FROM THE *1940'S*. THIS HARMLESS DOCILE LIZARD WAS DESTROYED BY MONGOOSES BROUGHT TO JAMAICA TO CONTROL THE RAT POPULATION AND BY THE CITIZENRY WHO WERE FRIGHTENED AND ALARMED BY ITS GROTESQUE APPEARANCE!

BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS, THE *BLUE WHALE*, THE LARGEST CREATURE EVER TO HAVE EXISTED ON EARTH (COMPARE THE IN-SCALE DRAWING OF THE *BRONTOSAURUS*) WILL PROBABLY HAVE PERISHED. THE MIGHTY BLUE WAS HUNTED DOWN SO RUTHLESSLY (PARTICULARLY BY THE *SOVIET* AND *JAPANESE* WHALERS) IN THE 60'S AND 70'S THAT BY *1976* THERE WERE TOO FEW LEFT IN THE OCEAN TO FIND EACH OTHER TO BREED! HIS RELATIVES ARE EXPECTED TO SOON FOLLOW SUIT! ONLY THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF INDIVIDUALS (LIKE YOU) AND THE GROUPS LIKE *GREENPEACE* AND *THE ANIMAL WELFARE INSTITUTE* DO THESE GRACEFUL AND INTELLIGENT GIANTS STAND EVEN A CHANCE.

THE EXOTIC *BALI TIGER* WAS TORN FROM ITS JUNGLES UNTIL ITS LAST ROAR IN *1953*. IN *1973* THERE WERE *FIVE JAVA TIGERS* LEFT! THEY ARE MOST LIKELY GONE BY NOW, TOO.

THE *TASMANIAN WOLF* (OR *THYLACINE*) GAVE FORTH HIS FINAL BAY IN *1966*. HE WAS THE LARGEST CARNIVOROUS MARSUPIAL AND WAS KNOWN TO OCCASIONALLY BOUND ABOUT HIS TERRAIN ON HIS POWERFUL HINDLEGS —— KANGAROO-STYLE!

MR. S. DILLON RIPLEY, SECRETARY OF THE *SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE* HAS PREDICTED THAT WITHIN *23 YEARS* NEARLY *EVERY SINGLE WILD ANIMAL* (*THREE QUARTERS* OF THE LIVING SPECIES) WILL BE *EXTINCT*! WE AT *SLOW DEATH* ARE REGRET TO WITNESS THE IMPENDING *QUICK DEATH* OF OUR FELLOW TERRESTIALS AS THEY FUTILELY STRUGGLE FOR THEIR PAINFUL ... *LAST GASP*!

OZEAN OINKEN

...OR IN OUR LANGUAGE (WHICH WAS UNKNOWN AFTER THE NINETEENTH ATOMIC SKIRMISH) "PIGS OF THE OCEAN"

© DOUG HANSEN 1977

THREE CONTEMPLATIVE **WARTHOGS** DRIFT QUIETLY WITH THE LONG BLACK OCEAN SWELLS. ONE PLAYS SOFTLY ON A FLUTELIKE INSTRUMENT. THE SEA AROUND THEIR RAFT SURGES AND ROLLS WITH HUGE GLISTENING FORMS. THEY ARE CALLED **BALEENAS.**

THE **BALEENAS** SEEM TO ENJOY THAT COMPOSITION... IS IT ONE OF YOURS PORCILE?

YES

I CAN FEEL THEM OUT THERE... AS THEY CAN FEEL YOUR MUSIC.

THE BALEENAS ARE GRACEFUL, **INTELLIGENT** GIANTS OF THE OPEN OCEAN. THEY HAVE NO **NATURAL** ENEMIES, YET THEIR NUMBERS DIMINISH DAILY.

IT IS THE **BALEENA HUNTERS!**

WHAT'S THIS PORCILE?

FRIENDS... THIS IS AN **ANCIENT** CIPHER. IT MEANS "PRESERVE THE BALANCE." I THOUGHT IT A GOOD SYMBOL FOR OUR WORK.

THE BALEENAS ARE HUNTED AND KILLED BECAUSE THEIR CARCASSES ARE USEFUL FOR A NUMBER OF THINGS ... MOLE FOOD... HOOF POLISH... JEWELRY.

WE MUST STAY BETWEEN THE BALEENAS AND THE SHIP.

RRRRAMP

ALOFT, IN THE BALEENA HUNTERS FACTORY SHIP-

FLUKES HO! FINE OFF THE PORT BOW!

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! WE ARE AN INTERNATIONAL GROUP OF ENVIRONMENTALISTS - WE OPPOSE THE KILLING OF BALEENAS... GO BACK TO PORT!

WE ARE FROM THE SEA PEACE PROJECT... THIS IS THE BALEENAS MATING GROUND – WE WILL NOT PERMIT YOU TO SLAUGHTER THESE ANIMALS. PLEASE TURN BACK.
CAPTAIN... WHAT IN HELL IS GOING ON OUT THERE? ARM THE HARPOON GUN! HELMS HOG, STEER A COURSE FOR THE BALEENAS ... AVOID THAT DAMNED BOAT!
THEY'RE COMING AFTER THE BALEENAS
STOP!
FIRE AT OPPORTUNITY
STAY AWAY YOU FOOLS!
THEY...
BAM
SPLINT
RUMP
THE HARPOON HAS AN EXPLOSIVE HEAD WHICH DETONATES 3 SECONDS AFTER IMPACT.
MY GOD..
WE'VE KILLED THOSE HOGS
NAY.. THEY SHOULD HAVE STAYED AWAY
WHAT WOULD MAKE THEM DO IT?
NO BALEENA IS WORTH DYING FOR!
SAVE YOUR PRETTY PHILOSOPHIES... RE-ARM THE GUN!
HELMSHOG ALTER COURSE 5 POINTS TO STARBOARD.
GUNNER TAKE AIM FIRE!
BOOM
IT'S A KILL!
SHUDDER
RUMP
THRASH

THE FEMALE BALEENA IS WINCHED ALONG SIDE THE SHIP AND MADE FAST WITH HOOKS AND CHAINS. COLDDY EFFICIENT SEA-HOGS CUT HER APART WITH THEIR RAZOR SHARP **FLENSING KNIVES.**

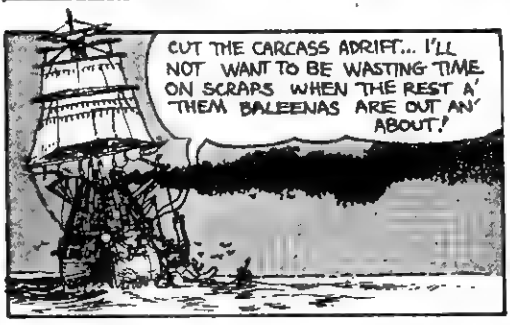
THAT CREATURE LOOKS ALMOST BEAUTIFUL LYIN' THERE...

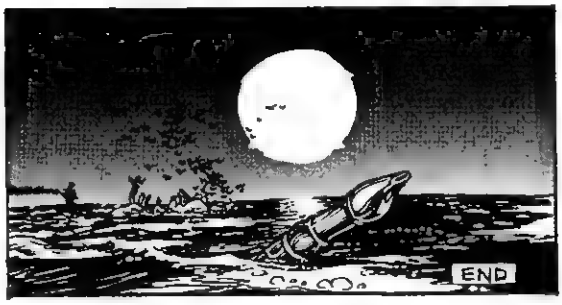
LOOKOUT! HO THERE... ME THINKS YOUR SENTIMENT IS MISDIRECTED!

AYE... BUT SHE'LL LOOK A FOUL MESS WHEN WE GETS THROUGH

THAT GUNNER 'AS A GOOD EYE. TOOK 'ER CLEAN ON TH' SPINE.

CATCH ME A BALEENA BULL AN'I'LL CUT OFF 'IS ORGAN AN' MAKE YE A GOLF BAG OUTN' IT!





BALANCE

EARTH: MAY 7 1998

A PITY WE HAD TO DESTROY THIS WORLD.

IT WAS NECESSARY! BESIDES — WE ONLY FINISHED THE JOB THEY STARTED.

© 1977 MICHAEL T. GILBERT

THEY WERE A STRANGE PEOPLE.

A RACE THAT NEVER ACKNOWLEDGED ITS LIMITS —

USING UP THEIR FUELS AND RESOURCES AT A CANCEROUS RATE.

TAKING WITH NO THOUGHT OF *RETURNING* ...

YOU DID YOUR THESIS ON THEIR SOCIETY — DIDN'T YOU, GOOGA?

TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF STUDY, GOOGA, MY BOY. *NEVER DULL THOSE HUMANS.* "HEH!"

BUT DURING THE LATTER PART OF MY STUDIES, THEY FINALLY WENT TOO FAR.

THEY DECIDED THE LAWS OF NATURE WERE NO LONGER ACCEPTABLE.

THEIR PEOPLE DRAINED RIVERS, DESTROYED ENTIRE SPECIES, ALTERED GENETIC STRAINS. IF ONE FORM OF ANIMAL LIFE WAS TOO *INCONVENIENT*, THEY WOULD BREED A PREDATOR TO ELIMINATE IT. OF COURSE THE FINE BALANCE OF NATURE WAS *DESTROYED*.

THE KILLER WOULD FINISH HIS JOB AND BEGIN ON A NEW SPECIES.

RAID KILLS BUGS DEAD

SSSST!!!

A NEW PREDATOR WOULD THEN BE IMPORTED TO COUNTER-BALANCE THAT. ALL STOP-GAP MEASURES. *ALL FUTILE*. IT ULTIMATELY BECAME TOO COMPLEX FOR THEM TO HANDLE.

THEY WERE DOOMED.

TO COMPOUND THE PROBLEM, THEIR NATURAL RESOURCES BECAME DANGEROUSLY SCARCE.

THE EARTHERS BEGAN TAKING MINERALS FROM OTHER PLANETS.

BEANS CAMERA CENTER

THIS COULD NOT BE TOLERATED! THE DELICATE ECOLOGICAL BALANCE OF THE UNIVERSE WAS IN DANGER.

WH... *WERE IN DANGER!!!*

IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO CHANGE THE EARTHS ATMOSPHERE TO A CHLORINE BASE —

THE PROBLEM ENDED.

BUT GOOGA, HAVEN'T *WE* ALTERED THE COSMIC BALANCE BY DESTROYING THIS WORLD?

SELF-PRESERVATION, WE HAD TO.

PERHAPS... PERHAPS THEY FELT *THEY* HAD TO ALSO.

GOOGA...

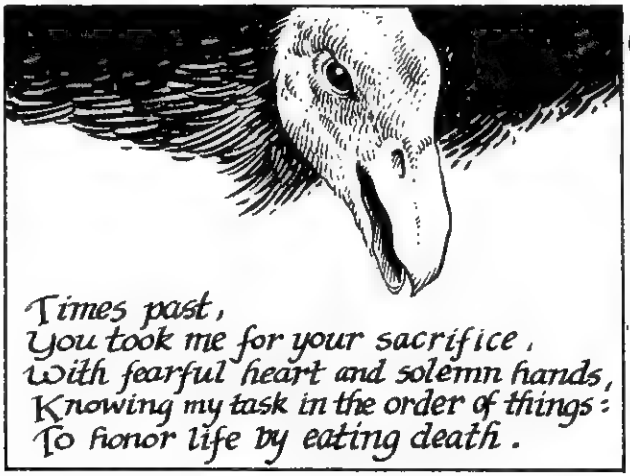
DON'T MAKE WAVES.

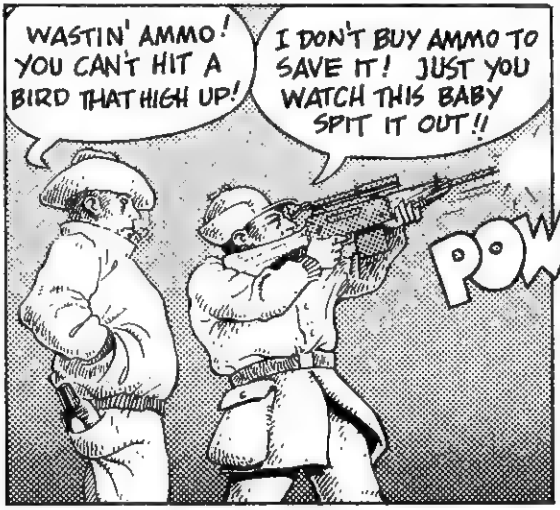
SUNSET

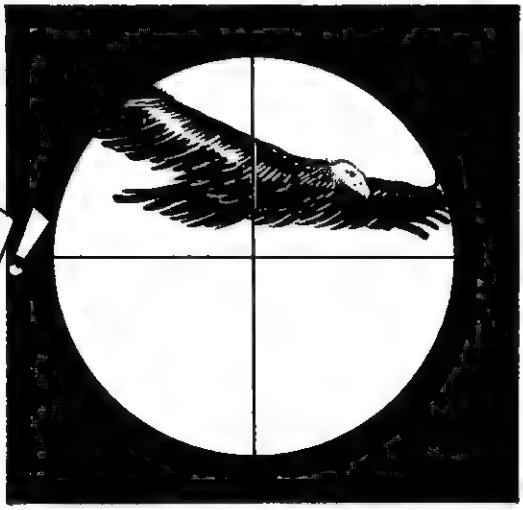
END

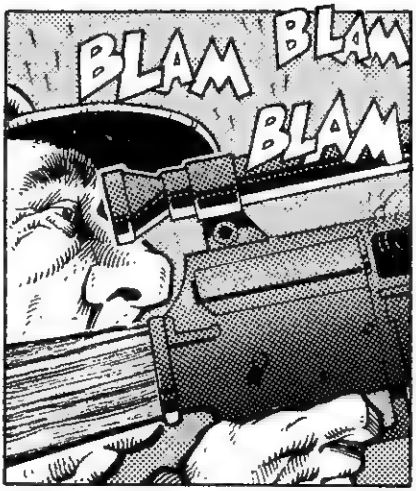
CONDOR'S END

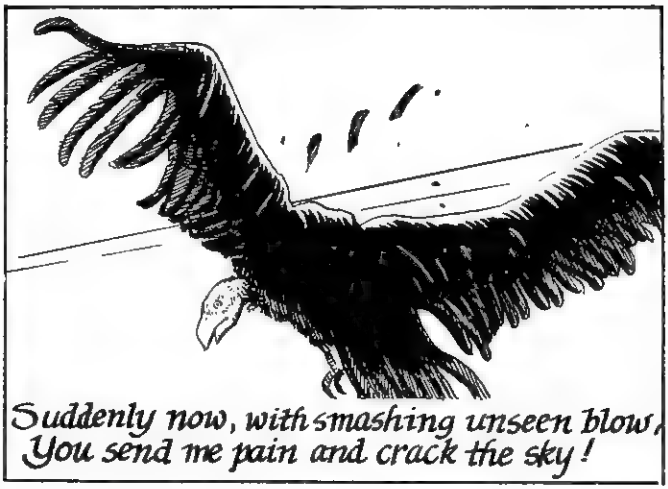
A moment ago,
From where I soared on sweet warm lifting air,
I saw you and still I had no fear ~~
For were there not three times ten thousand years,
When we both lived and felt the meaning of the earth ?

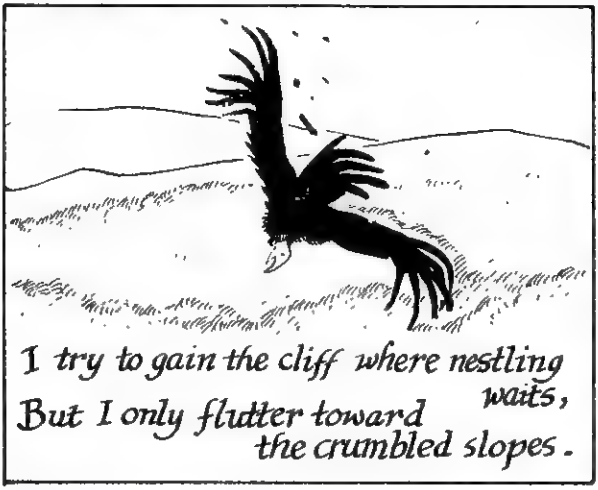


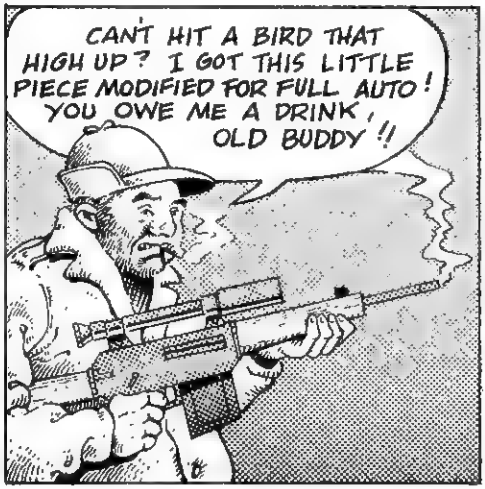


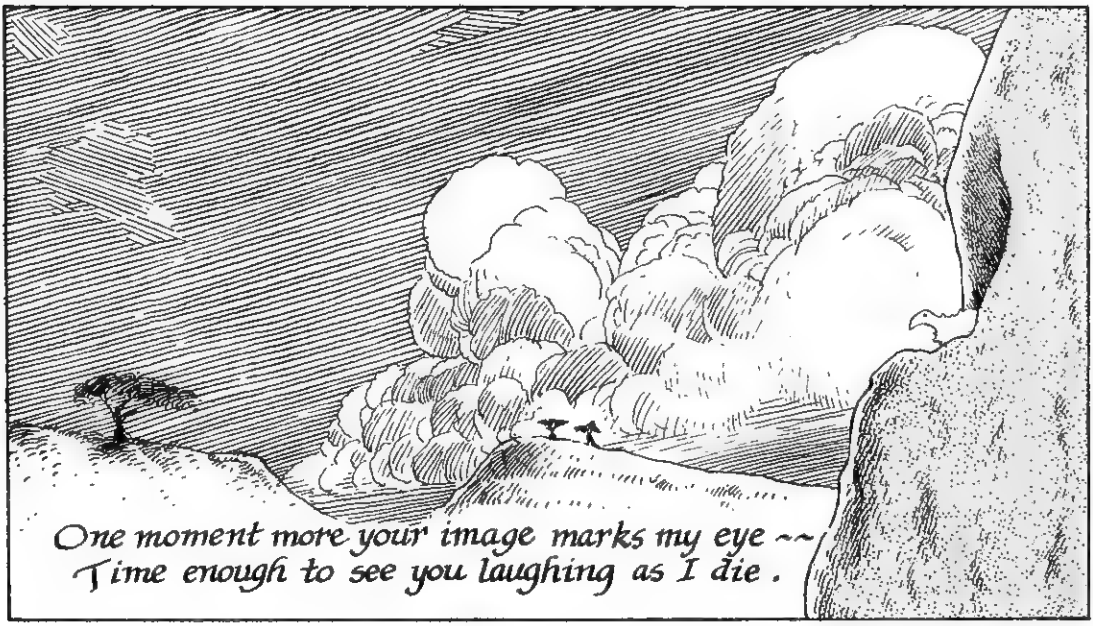












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the LAST DINOSAUR

©Roger H. Brand.77

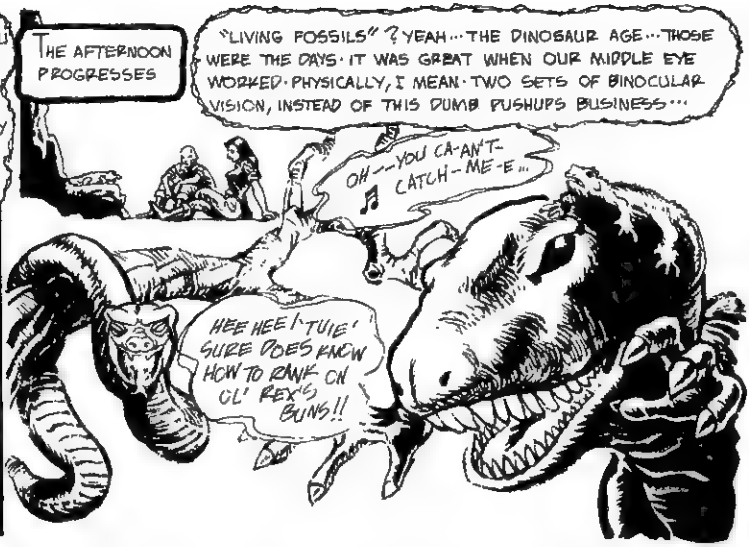
THE TUATARA, NICKNAMED THE "LIVING FOSSIL", HAS LIVED FOR BETWEEN 100,000,000 AND 200,000,000 YEARS. NOT A LIZARD, BUT ITS OWN REPTILE BRANCH, IT LIVES ON TWO SMALL NEW ZEALAND ISLANDS ... FOR AN AVERAGE OF 100-200 YEARS. THE TUATARA HAS, AMONG OTHER STRUCTURAL ODDITIES, A VESTIGIAL THIRD EYE BETWEEN AND SLIGHTLY ABOVE ITS OTHER TWO. CALLED THE "PINEAL EYE", ITS SECRETIONS (LIKE THOSE OF THE PINEAL GLAND, OR "THIRD EYE", IN HUMANS) ARE CHEMICALLY VERY SIMILAR TO LSD.

WITHIN THE LAST 125 YEARS THE MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND HAVE WIPED OUT MOST OF THE TUATARAS. THE AUTHOR, HOWEVER, DIDN'T LEARN UNTIL NEARLY COMPLETING THIS STORY THAT IN RECENT YEARS NEW ZEALAND HAS MADE PRESERVES OF THE TUATARA ISLANDS, AND THE CRITTERS ARE FLOURISHING.

SO AS YOU READ THIS STORY, JUST PRETEND THE TUATARA IS STILL THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION AND BE GLAD IT REALLY ISN'T.

A COUPLE OF GREENPEACERS ARRIVE IN NEW ZEALAND, TO SAVE THE TUATARA

...THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE !!
OH, YEAH... WHY DO YOU THINK THE MAORIS OFFED SO MANY OF US? WE FREAKED THE BE-JESUS OUT OF 'EM WHEN THEY FIRST GOT HERE - DIDN'T MEAN TO, BUT... OH, WELL, LIVE AND DON'T LEARN...


THE AFTERNOON PROGRESSES
"LIVING FOSSILS"? YEAH... THE DINOSAUR AGE... THOSE WERE THE DAYS. IT WAS GREAT WHEN OUR MIDDLE EYE WORKED. PHYSICALLY, I MEAN. TWO SETS OF BINOCULAR VISION, INSTEAD OF THIS DUMB PUSHUPS BUSINESS...
OH--YOU CA-AN'T-CATCH-ME-E...
HEE HEE! 'TUIE' SURE DOES KNOW HOW TO RUNK ON OL' REX'S BUNS!!

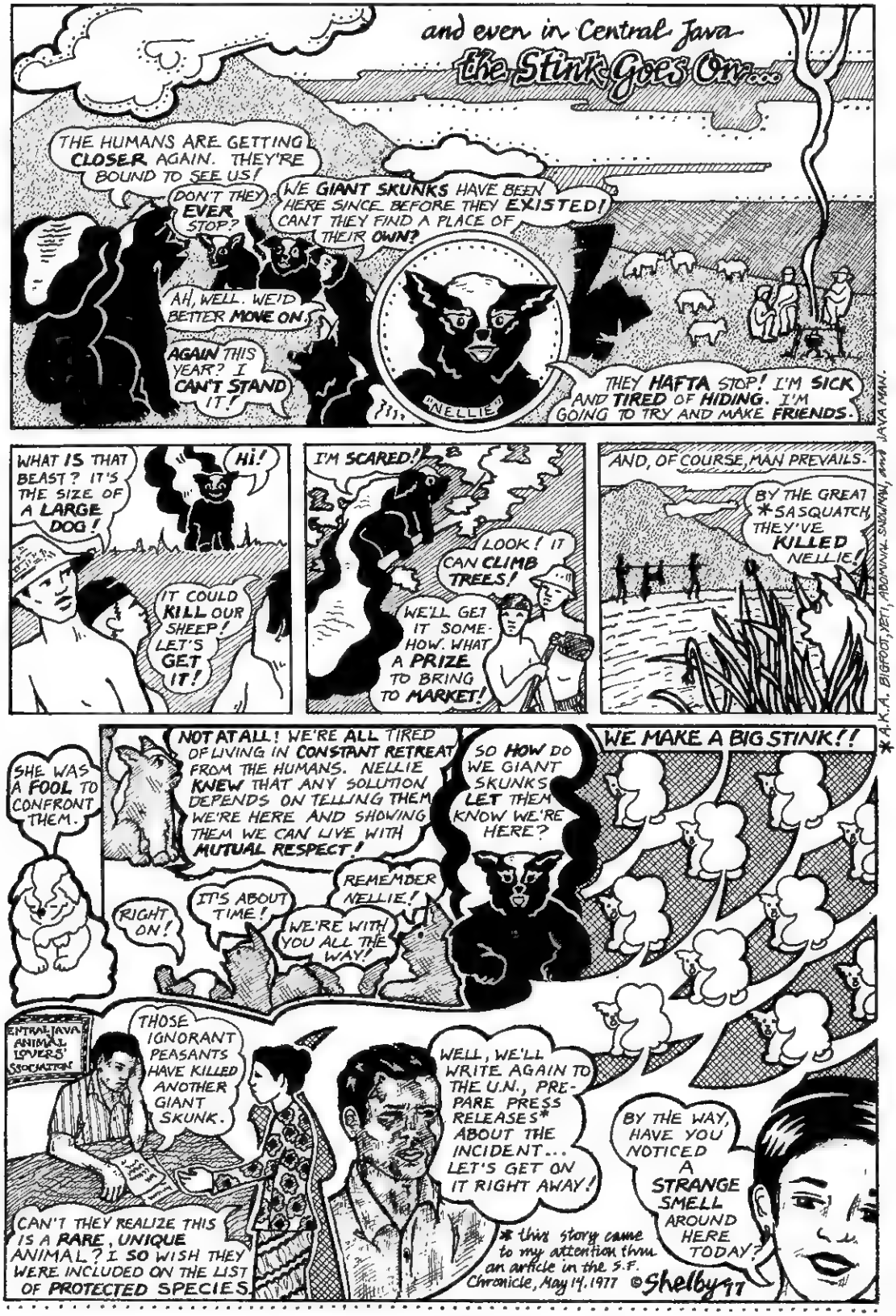
...BUT THE EONS COME AND GO ...YOU GET SOFT OF PHILOSOPHICAL AFTER 100,000,000 YEARS...

HUH ?? YOU'RE 100,000,000 YEARS OLD ?!
COURSE NOT. COLLECTIVE RACIAL MEMORY. - GOOD LORD, KIDDO, I KNOW I'M GETTING ON IN YEARS, BUT REALLY...!

FINALLY
OKAY... IF YOU GUYS DON'T WANT TO COME, WE WON'T MAKE YOU... BUT I WISH YOU'D RECONSIDER.
NAW... KEEP ON WITH WHAT YOU'RE DOING, IT'S A GOOD THING, BUT... WE'RE HAPPY HERE. IT'S THE ONLY PLACE WE KNOW, AND WE'RE TOO OLD AND CRUSTY TO CHANGE. BESIDES, IF IT'S FINALLY OUR TIME TO GO... WELL, SO BE IT... BY NOW WE'RE ALL PRETTY FATALISTIC...

- BESIDES THAT, BEING DEPENDENT ON HUMAN CIVILIZATION ISN'T VERY APPEALING. AFTER ALL, WE'RE NOT THE ONLY SERIOUSLY ENDANGERED SPECIES IN THE WORLD, YOU KNOW. - WELL, GODSPEED...

WHAT'D HE MEAN BY THAT ?
END

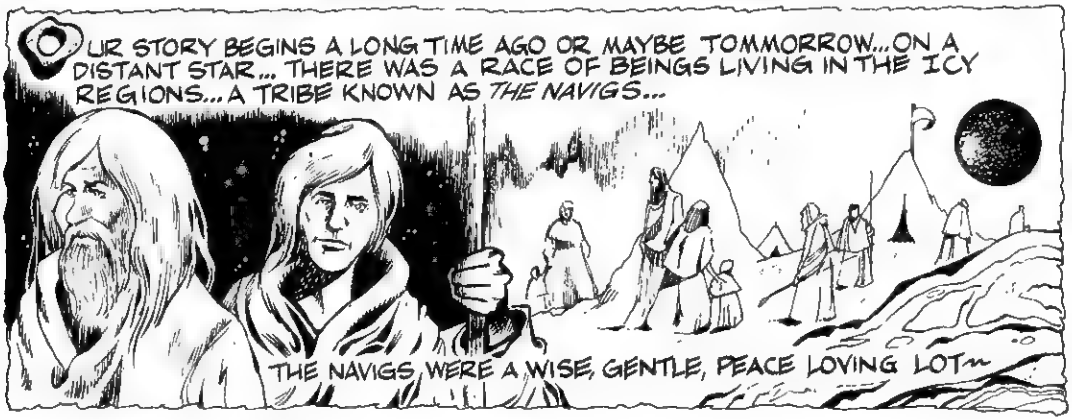

and even in Central Java
the Stink Goes On...
THE HUMANS ARE GETTING CLOSER AGAIN. THEY'RE BOUND TO SEE US!
DON'T THEY EVER STOP?
WE GIANT SKUNKS HAVE BEEN HERE SINCE BEFORE THEY EXISTED! CAN'T THEY FIND A PLACE OF THEIR OWN?
AH, WELL. WE'D BETTER MOVE ON.
AGAIN THIS YEAR? I CAN'T STAND IT!
"NELLIE"
THEY HAFTA STOP! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF HIDING. I'M GOING TO TRY AND MAKE FRIENDS.
WHAT IS THAT BEAST? IT'S THE SIZE OF A LARGE DOG!
Hi!
IT COULD KILL OUR SHEEP! LET'S GET IT!
I'M SCARED!
LOOK! IT CAN CLIMB TREES!
WE'LL GET IT SOMEHOW. WHAT A PRIZE TO BRING TO MARKET!
AND, OF COURSE, MAN PREVAILS.
BY THE GREAT *SASQUATCH, THEY'VE KILLED NELLIE!
*A.K.A. BIGFOOT, YETI, ABORIGINAL SNOWMAN, and JAVA MAN.
SHE WAS A FOOL TO CONFRONT THEM.
NOT AT ALL! WE'RE ALL TIRED OF LIVING IN CONSTANT RETREAT FROM THE HUMANS. NELLIE KNEW THAT ANY SOLUTION DEPENDS ON TELLING THEM WE'RE HERE AND SHOWING THEM WE CAN LIVE WITH MUTUAL RESPECT!
SO HOW DO WE GIANT SKUNKS LET THEM KNOW WE'RE HERE?
WE MAKE A BIG STINK!!
RIGHT ON!
IT'S ABOUT TIME!
REMEMBER NELLIE!
WE'RE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY!
CENTRAL JAVA ANIMAL LOVERS' ASSOCIATION
THOSE IGNORANT PEASANTS HAVE KILLED ANOTHER GIANT SKUNK.
CAN'T THEY REALIZE THIS IS A RARE, UNIQUE ANIMAL? I SO WISH THEY WERE INCLUDED ON THE LIST OF PROTECTED SPECIES.
WELL, WE'LL WRITE AGAIN TO THE U.N., PREPARE PRESS RELEASES* ABOUT THE INCIDENT... LET'S GET ON IT RIGHT AWAY!
BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU NOTICED A STRANGE SMELL AROUND HERE TODAY?
* this story came to my attention thru an article in the S.F. Chronicle, May 14, 1977
©Shelby 77

THE OL' SALT'S TALE

HEH, HEH... WELL WELL AND WELCOME ABOARD ME HEARTIES! 'TIS I, THE OL' SALT AND IVE GOT A LITTLE YARN FOR ALL OF YE! IT BE A FAVORITE LIL' FANTASY O' MINE! SO BE YE A SETTLIN' BACK IN YER ARMCHAIR WITH A VESSEL O' YER FAVORITE GROG AND RELAX WHILST I RELATE THIS TALE FROM THE OL' SALT SEA... 'TIS A STORY I CALL...

BALLAD OF THE LOST

STORY & ART: DENNIS ELLEFSON 77 ©



FOR IN ALL THEIR YEARS, THE NAVIGS HAD NEVER BEEN IN A WAR... THEY LIVED IN HARMONY WITH EACH OTHER...
AND WITH THEIR NATURE...
EACH YEAR THE ELDERS OF THE TRIBE HELD A CEREMONY IN WHICH ONE MALE MEMBER WAS SELECTED FOR A TWO PART TASK... A TASK NOT EXPLAINED OR DEFINED...
FOR THE NAVIGS DID NOT QUESTION THE WISDOM OF THE ELDERS...
HE WAS TO SWIM THE ICY WATERS, SOUTH TO A SMALL ISLAND. ONCE THERE HE WAS TO TRAVEL ACROSS LAND UNTIL HE AGAIN REACHED THE SEA...
THEN HE WAS TO SWIM SOUTH... IT WAS DURING THIS TIME HE WOULD RECEIVE AN ANSWER, A REASON FOR THE TASK...
THIS YEAR, THE SELECTION WAS PRINCE TAM ROF... HE HAD BEEN CHOSEN FOR HIS COURAGE, STRENGH AND PRESENCE OF MIND... WHEN THE APPOINTED TIME ARRIVED, TAM ROF DOVE INTO THE SILENT ICE BLUE WATERS AS THE TRIBE WATCHED IN QUITE RESPECT...
PRINCE TAM ROF

TAM ROF SWAM THROUGH THE BITING WATERS, SOUTH AS HE WAS TOLD...

IT HAD BEEN MANY HOURS SINCE HE HAD ENTERED THE WATER... THIS TASK WAS INDEED GRUELING...

THEN TAM SAW IT... THE ISLAND, JUST AS THE ELDERS HAD SAID...

AS HE TOOK REST, TAM REALIZED THE FIRST PART OF THE TASK WAS A TEST OF HIS MALENESS... HE HAD PROVEN IT, EVEN TO HIMSELF...

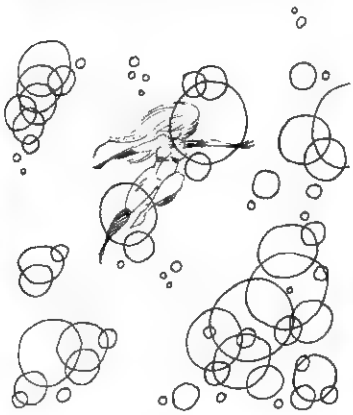
HIS STRENGH RENEWED, TAM BEGAN THE TREK ACROSS THE ISLAND...

HE WONDERED WHAT AWAITED HIM IN THE ICY SEAS BEYOND

HE REACHED THE SEA AND NEVER PAUSING, PLUNGED INTO IT... SWIMMING BENEATH THE SURFACE, AS THE ELDERS HAD INSTRUCTED...

TAM MOVED ON THROUGH THE DIMNESS ~

THEN! LO! HE SAW IT... A FORM IN THE WATERS AHEAD OF HIM ~



A FORM... A FEMALE FORM... IT WAS THEN TAM KNEW!

HE KNEW! THE REASON FOR IT ALL! SHE WAS FROM THE TRIBE HE HAD ONLY HEARD OF IN HIS YOUTH, FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAR... HE KNEW THE REASON... TOGETHER THEY WOULD BEGIN A NEW RACE, THE BEST OF BOTH! IT ALL MADE SENSE TO HIM NOW, IT WAS AS IT SHOULD BE ~

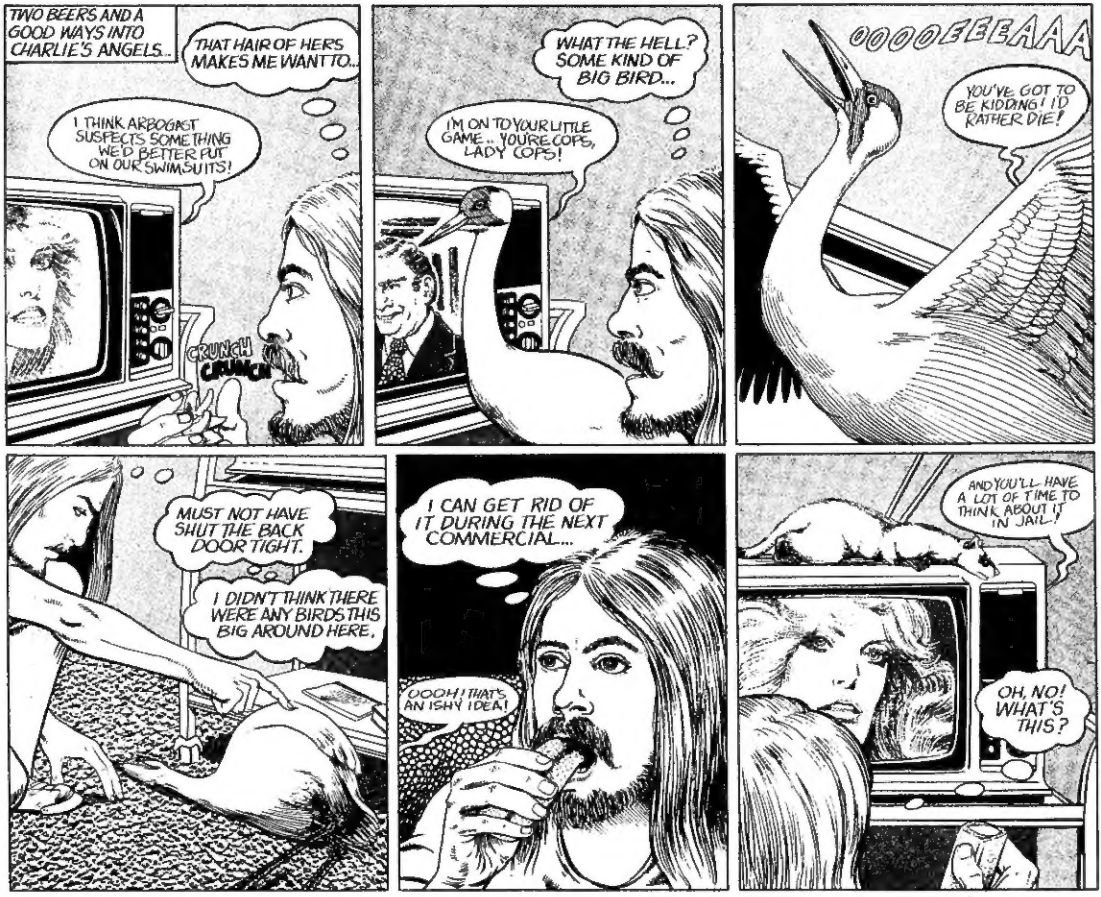
THEIR HANDS REACHED TOWARD EACH OTHER...

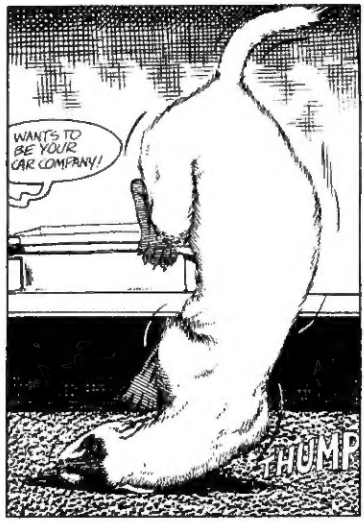
AND THEN, FROM ABOVE...

THE LIFELESS BODIES FLOATED TO THE SURFACE

PERFECT EVENING

T.BOXELL-77




WANT'S TO BE YOUR CAR COMPANY!
THUMP

LOOKS LIKE A WEASEL OR SOMETHIN'. MUST HAVE COME IN THROUGH THAT DOOR TOO! I'D BETTER CHECK...
I SAW RITCHIE WITH WANDA "BOOM, BOOM" FURGASEN!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!

IT'S REALLY HERE! A BIG TURTLE! HERE IN THE CITY...HERE IN MY LIVING ROOM!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...
BUT POTSY, WE COULD GET INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE!
I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THESE DEAD ANIMALS IT'S STARTING TO SMELL IN HERE!
THEY DIDN'T LIVE LONG AFTER THEY WANDERED IN. MUST'VE BEEN SICK!

YOU'RE RIGHT CUNNINGHAM WE'D BETTER ASK THE FONZ!
RRUHHHH
OH, SHIT! A BEAR!
AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S COMING IN TO FLOP OVER AND DIE!

KROWWRRR
AAAAAAAAY!

RRROWW

THAT WAS TOO MUCH. EVERYTHING IN THE ZOO MUST HAVE ESCAPED!
FOR TEMPORARY RELIEF OF THE SYMPTOMS OF...
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

YOU'RE HAVING A **PERFECT EVENING** THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON!

TODAY'S EFFORTS BY THE GREEN PEACE ORGANIZATION AGAIN PROVED...

WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU WEARING THAT MASK?

I AM **DEATH**, AND I WEAR THIS **MASK** BECAUSE I LIKE IT!

WHY ARE YOU HERE? AM I...

NO. YOU'VE STILL GOT SOME TIME LEFT. I JUST STOPPED BY TO **THANK YOU!**

MIND IF I HELP MYSELF TO A **TWINKIE?**

FRUITLESS, AS FUR HUNTERS WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT...

THANK ME? FOR WHAT?

FOR ALL OF YOUR HELP, OF COURSE!

CONTINUED THE KILLING OF THE HARP SEALS.

MY HELP?

YEP! YOUR HELP IN GETTING RID OF SOME USELESS ANIMALS. THERE'S NO PLACE FOR WILDLIFE IN A MODERN WORLD. I SENT IN A FEW WE'VE GOT IN REAL TROUBLE, TO SHOW YOU THE PROGRESS WE'RE MAKING:

...THE WHOOPING CRANE...

...THE BLACK-FOOTED FERRET...

...THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

...THE GREEN TURTLE...

THEY'RE ALL RIGHT ON THE EDGE...

WITH YOUR HELP WE CAN PUT'EM RIGHT OUT OF THE PICTURE!

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG GUY! I LOVE ANIMALS! HOW COULD I HELP YOU? **I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!**

THAT'S HOW OLD BUDDY! DON'T YA SEE?

THIS HAS BEEN AN NBC NEWS...

I'VE GOT PLENTY OF ACTIVE HELP... THE HUNTER... THE POLLUTER. THE DEVELOPER BUT IT'S FOLKS LIKE YOU, WHO DON'T INTERFERE, THAT MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR OUR WORK TO GO ON.

BUT I FEEL KINDA GUILTY... THOSE ANIMALS!

AW FORGET'EM. SAY... YOU DON'T DO ANYTHING SPECIAL WITH THESE CANS, DO YOU?

HUH? NO JUST THROW'EM IN THE TRASH. WHY?

NO REASON...

I'LL TAKE THAT OUT NOW.

JOHNNY'S GUESTS TONIGHT ARE... DR. JOYCE BROTHERS

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

HEY! WHERE'D THE ANIMALS GO?

I TOOK CARE OF THEM!

THANKS... UH I'VE GOT ANOTHER BEER FOR YA HERE. HOW WE FIXED FOR CHIPS?

WE COULD USE SOME, BUT HURRY! THE MONOLOG'S ALREADY STARTED

LAST NIGHT'S AUDIENCE WAS SO STUPID. HOW STUPID WERE THEY, JOHNNY?

BE RIGHT BACK!!!

THE END

This beautiful artwork by Rand Holmes is available as a giant poster. Send $3.00 (U.S.) for one or $5.00 for two to P.O. Box 212, Berkeley, CA 94704. Also additional copies of this comic book are available for $1.25 each (postpaid). Bulk rates available.

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